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G-Unit f/ Young Buck ''Piano Man''

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[50 Cent] I'm a work of art The ghetto version of Mozart Yeah, ha ha

[Chorus: 50 Cent] I move the ki's/keys, they call me the piano man I'm classically trained, nobody do it better man I do my thang, me and my Beretta man I got that girl, you want her come and get her man Call me the piano man... call me the piano man... Call me the piano man... call me the piano man

[Tony Yayo] Cartier glasses, Cartier belt Cartier watch tell me time somewhere else Like Germany, Sweden and Serbia Nigga want two birds and I'm servin ya I'ma ball like Julius Irving, Iverson Demandin I got the cannon in that two-door Phantom Nigga hundred E-X shit, suicide do's Get a top a low fade, now the body lookin hard These snake ass niggaz is reptiles 'Til I shoot 'em up, fill 'em up with projectiles Yay' got the best styles, Yay' got the best clothes Yay' got the best weed, Yay' got the best hoes, YEAH!

[Chorus]

[Lloyd Banks] Yeah, uhh Fresh out the rim shot, my wheels tick-tock My steel six shots, the paint flip-flop My charm trucky, that's why they wan' fuck me Two-oh-seven McClaren, body like Buffy Ol' head get rusty, and I'm a can of oil If hip-hop do that, a hundred grand'll boil We show up at your bougie event, get your body hung Slide you all over the stage like Omarion Then leave the party calm, on a Pepsi and Bacardi bomb Bail ain't nothin, I make a Gotti bond Magician, I could make a dollar flip Stick a whole Corona bottle in a model chick

[Chorus]

[Young Buck] I'm rich than a muh'fucker ridin in the dirty-ass Phantom We kill undercovers down here, we can't stand 'em Fill up the door panels, and stuff the floorboards I could fit a hundred in a Honda Accord Blood of a drug lord, brain of a baller Hand of a hustler, I'm all about a dollar E'rybody's a customer, nobody's a friend Somebody gotta do it, anybody can win If I, did it then I can, do it now When we, get 'em in we just, ship 'em out A Gucci briefcase, dressed in a suit and tie Cartiers, you can tell that I

[Chorus]

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